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Original Verse Writing for Children

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IT HAS been a practice of mine for some few years now to read aloud to my fifth grade pupils a poem a day.

Last year I read to them only the poetry of recent authors and of those now living and from these sources I chose simple verse with homely, everyday themes—"Household Gods" by Macnair, "A Little Boy In the Morning" by Ledwidge, "Afternoon On A Hill" by Edna St. Vincent Millay, "Mary Sets the Table" by David Morton, "Old Susan" by Walter de la Mare and "In Mercer Street—A Piper," by Seumas O'Sullivan and many others.

My purpose in so doing was twofold—to try to eradicate the almost universal childish belief that poets were "men with beards" (or ladies with ringlets) who have all long since died; and that poetry is a thing apart from the actualities of life and as such can be written only on sublimated and remote planes.

Using little biographical sketches as an aid to the daily readings, I seemed to achieve some measure of success in shattering these concepts and I then began reading aloud the published verse of *children*—"I Have a Little Teddy Bear" by Channon Collinge; "Sonnet to A Monkey" by Marjorie Fleming, "Morning" by Hilda Conk-

ling, and "Emelie" by Ronald Burn. Selections from The Evander Childs ANTHOLOGY OF STUDENT VERSE proved interesting and charming, and so that other childish tenet (that verse can be written only by the mature) was dissipated.

The underbrush of these misconceptions having been somewhat cleared away, imagination kindled, ambition flamed and eager suggestions were voiced that we, too, try to write verses.

Christmas was drawing near, good will and happiness were evident on all sides. I advanced the idea that we look about us and, choosing a simple theme, "wordpaint" it on a Christmas background.

Our most prized and cherished school-room possession at that time was a beautiful aquarium which our principal had lately given us. After some discussion, it was a unanimous decision to take its occupants and its water plants as the central thought of our proposed poem.

As I had been reading them some of the free verse of Amy Lowell, Louis Untermeyer, Carl Sandberg, Leonora Speyer, Walt Whitman and the Psalmists, the children already realized that verse without rhyme may, nevertheless, still be verse. Trying to guard against commonplace

rhyming for the mere sake of rhyming, I guided their initial effort into the less restricted paths of *vers libre*.

It was to be a class poem—everyone of us was invited to suggest, to criticize, to revise. The title came easily (they *always* do!)—"Christmas In Our Aquarium."

Questioning brought out that the lordly goldfish had lately been observed to maintain a more tolerant attitude towards the pollywog, his somewhat aggressive scavenger neighbor, and that the pollywog, in turn, seemed more gentle, too. Might it not be said that this was possibly their way of expressing the spirit of Christmas? The water grasses seemed to register peace by swaying to and fro as if in prayer. The coral snail was dismissed lightly as being as lazy as ever.

Years ago, I reminded the children, the simple, pious peasants of continental Europe believed that on Christmas Eve the animals conversed together. After wondering about our aquarium animals' Christmas thoughts, would it not be a pleasing note to close our poem with a reference to this lovely legend?

Little by little, offering, rejecting, selecting, editing, our first effort emerged, in this, its final form:

Christmas In Our Aquarium

I wonder if the goldfish knows
That Christmas is coming?
In his little cage of glass
Can he catch our happy spirit?
And the coral snail,
Lazy, spiral creature
Does he know?
The pollywog seems more gentle,
The goldfish bunts him less fiercely,
The water plants are swaying to and fro
As if in thought and prayer.
Long, long ago in a little stall in Bethlehem
The kindly dumb beasts
Knew that it was Christmas.
Who can say?
Maybe the goldfish and the snail
And the pollywog know, too.

After this plunge, other verses came more readily and with far less questioning

and suggestion from me. It seemed quite the natural and pleasant procedure to follow up a study of the Spanish backgrounds of the early explorers of the Americas with:

Wanderlust

I would like to charter a slim white boat
And sail to far off Spain—
Where the toreador, flashing his scarlet
coat
Laughs at the bull in disdain!
Where gypsy peons bask in the sun
Dawdling at work that is never quite
done,
And roses lean in a soft caress
To dream in drowsy happiness—
But when I had seen these things in Spain
I would want to sail home to you again!

Making Christmas cards for Disabled War Veterans was the incentive for a flood of original Christmas verses, some class work, and others individual effort. Here are two:

Tabby's Christmas Present

In the stillness of the night
Comes Santa—softly, softly;
He's bringing radios, bats and balls,
He's bringing helmets, skates and dolls,
And a catnip mouse for Tabby!

Christmas Wishes

Tommy wants a baseball
And Teddy wants a bat;
Sadie wants a brand new doll
But I—I want a cat!
A cat with eyes of glassy green,
A cat with fur of glossy sheen,
A cat with paws all tipped with black,
A cat with stripes right down its back!

Writing other greeting card verses proved to be good fun:

On Mother's Day

Oh, I can go east, and I can go west,
But what is the use when home is the best?

Bon Voyage

I'm sorry for *me* that you're going away,
I'm going to miss you every day;

But I'm glad for you that you're going
away,
So after all, *we can both be gay!*

The sea, so often an alluring subject to
children, brought the following:

Ships At Sea

Oh, the sea, the sea,
And the white ships sailing free,
Along and over the bounding main—
Dear ships, come home to me again!

Longing

I long to sail the ocean
To sunny southern France—
And then to Malaga in Spain
To see Dolores dance!

Sea Chantey

Water, water, water,
Water everywhere;
Water east and water west—
But I—I love the *ocean* best.

For I am a Boston sailor,
And I follow the grim, old sea;
I was born upon the ocean
And I think it was born in me.

Sea Dirge

Ships go out and are seen no more
They never come back to the pleasant
shore—

O cruel, hungry, angry sea!

Sea Dreams

I want to sleep on a boat some night
With the covers tucked around me tight
And the wind for a lullaby—
And the lonely sea gull's mournful cry
Waking me at dawning!

Often the meter in poems (submitted for the first time) limped and halted—was all but paralyzed in fact—but questioning seldom failed to bring from the amateur poet a more satisfactory arrangement. I found that my corrections and suggestions were no more needed in this type of creative work than they were in the original prose efforts of young children.

There was a joy to this kind of writing because it was different. As one boy put it naively: "We've been writing compositions all the time and *never even knew it!*"



Courtesy of Doubleday, Doran

From *MIKI*. By Maude and Miska Petersham. Illustrated by the authors.

Creative Writing as a Preparation for High School English

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THE DEVELOPMENT of personality—is there a more overworked expression in the educational vocabulary of the present day? Nevertheless, to my mind, that still remains the objective in all creative writing. The struggles of the stammerer are a pitiful illustration of the doubtful physical attempt to express one's own ideas; equally pathetic are the efforts of the shy child who lacks ability to write because of mental inhibitions which have been imposed upon him by parents, teachers, and friends. Unconsciously, it may be, this cramping of expression has gone on. As we hear the overzealous mother tell the child not to do this or to stop doing that until he no longer makes any original attempt at doing anything, so a too strict adherence to rules does away with the desire to express oneself in so-called "creative writing." Encouragement, even when some less significant technical errors may need to be quietly overlooked, is worth while; as a consequence the writer feels that his own ideas and not mere technical correctness of expression is the important thing. Approval causes even the grown-up to desire to contribute more original thought, and certainly to the child it is absolutely the best possible inspiration for original thinking.

Recently an illustration of the value of favorable criticism came to my attention. A boy who for one semester had done only fair work with no voluntary contribution of ideas, enrolled in a course wherein practically no restraint was placed on free expression of personal opinion, so long as it was courteously expressed. After his

fairly correct but apparently unoriginal thinking of the previous semester it was a revelation to see the first glimmerings of originality gradually expand to the point where he eventually acquired, even in the short span of one semester, a remarkable ability to put forth ideas which commanded the respect of the entire class. When confidence in his own ability to think was established it was but a step to the point where quiet suggestions could be made with regard to methods of expression. If his opinions were valued for themselves, he could readily see the advisability of learning how to put them effectively. This gave a real motive for learning which sentence forms were best adapted to his subject matter and where the thought could be cleared up by proper punctuation. In other words, he began to see "what it was all about."

If such results can be secured in high school how much more important is it to proceed in a similar way in the elementary grades, for then the ground will be ripe for the crop when maturity approaches in high school or college work. Of course it is not at all probable that highly original ideas will be advanced by a child of ten but if he, himself, believes that the thought sprang from his own thinking, it is certainly not conducive to further attempts at expression if he is coldly told that someone else said that same thing a long time ago and much better than he could ever hope to voice it. After all, as Percival Lowell says, "A master-thought lives always; it speaks forever in the echoes it invokes."

Confidence in the child's ability to pro-

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My Experience With Creative Writing

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WHAT IS creative writing? In order to recognize a thing we must know, consciously or intuitively, what we are looking for. When we get it in the schoolroom it is, in its degree, the same thing for which we search in literature, in historical writing and even in that which deals with science and invention. The same touchstone may be applied to the writing of children.

Someone has defined a classic as a work of such intense vitality that it is always modern. This serves well enough as a guide in our quest of a definition. We search for what is *real*, for something which proceeds from a definite moving idea. We are looking for vitality, for that touch of individuality, of personality, which lends significance and charm to what are, for most of us, the commonplaces of life; perhaps we should say rather that it reveals this significance. The beauty of it in the writing of children and young people is that they are not consciously struggling for literary excellence: they are simply trying to tell of something which has caught their fancy or attention. Very often they must be led to realize that they have had these experiences and that they have it in their power to give pleasure to others by sharing such impressions with them. The teacher's appreciation is an added stimulus and pleasure. The charm of composition of this kind is like that aroused by children's dramatizations. They do not *act*, they *play*. They are the only real "players."

To stimulate this unconscious art is the teacher's business. The real teacher

reaches after it as a miser searches for gold. Like the skilled miner the teacher must be keen to detect evidences of that for which he searches. The "pure crude fact" must be found and drawn forth and shown for what it is.

Without injury to spontaneity, the pupil may be skillfully directed to select out of his mass of experiences something which is worth development. A question may be the spark which touches off a circuit. This is sometimes strikingly exemplified with an apparently dull pupil. The big boy for whom even the back seat is too small and who sits, glum and silent, conscious in a resentful way of being a misfit, may have, after all, interests of which the discouraged teacher has not dreamed. One such sixth grade boy responded instantly to a question suddenly thrown out by the teacher after some minutes of futile effort to "start something": "What was the best thing you received for Christmas?" "A chemistry set," was the reply, and the teacher had struck gold. This boy knew the names of the substances in the chemistry set, he had tried experiments and, with a little help, was able to express himself, to interest his classmates and to break up the "inferiority complex" which had beset him. He now went on to learn to spell the names of the chemical substances and worked willingly on sentence construction, punctuation, and other necessary spellings in order to put his oral description of an experiment into permanent form. It was the old story—*interest* related to *will*. This boy's sister had given him the chemistry set. It is well

for children that loving hearts at home are sometimes able to reach springs of endeavor unsuspected by the teacher. The wise teacher avails himself of such aid just as the wise parent co-operates with the school.

Children are much interested in personal experiences. Social values are as keenly appreciated in the schoolroom as they are elsewhere and the person who can talk in a bright and entertaining manner about simple occurrences is a social benefactor. Fifth grade children enjoyed this little true story:

"My mother once woke me up at night and told me that the house next to ours was on fire. I got up and looked out of the dining room window and I saw Agnes Brown running to our house with her big doll in her arms. My father opened the door and Mrs. Brown and Agnes came in. Mrs. Brown said that Mr. Brown had just carried out a pot of chicken and some of their clothes."

The class was quite interested in the articles carried out by Agnes and Mr. Brown.

The term "creative writing" need not be too narrowly defined. The work of the school cannot be detached from the vital needs of the world and the hour. The spirit and the attitude with which the children of the present moment will in a few years confront the tremendous issues now uppermost in the minds of thinking people the world over depend in large measure on the spirit of instruction and the atmosphere of our elementary schools. What is that spirit and that atmosphere? Are we doing more to keep alive the memory of "battles long ago" than we are to nourish the spirit of good will?

After every great war and while its horrors are fresh in the minds of the people, there are movements and impulses towards means for insuring the world against further conflicts. After our own Mexican War there were people who said that it was our last. The desire to end war seems

more general now than it has ever been before, but what an enormous moral progress must be made before peaceful solution of international disputes can become a reality! The work of our schools is profoundly affected the moment war begins. We saw this in our own country in the tremendous expansion of departments of physical training. We know what happened to German education after the Napoleonic period and no one who has lived recently in southern Europe can help feeling profoundly disturbed by the jealousies and rivalries and heart burnings left over from the World War. No nation lives to itself. Whether we entered actively into another conflict or not we could not help being involved in countless ways. The most hopeful incident of recent months is the closer approach of two great nations, Great Britain and the United States, on the subject of disarmament. The historical and spiritual significance of the Kellogg Pact will appeal even to children. Future ages will look back to it as a milestone on the road to general arbitration. It is quite possible, too, that Henry Ford's "Peace Ship" will keep his memory green when his industrial achievement is forgotten.

In the struggle for deliverance from the horrors of war, the character of the instruction given in our schools is of incalculable importance. There need be no preaching, no belittling of past achievements. We can turn thought and feeling into other channels. We can give more emphasis to Longfellow's "Arsenal at Springfield," to Oliver Wendell Holmes' "The Two Armies," to James Russell Lowell's "The Fatherland," to Le Gallienne's "The Illusion of War" than to poems which glorify battles.

The strong current which has set in toward arbitration of international disputes is accompanied in some countries by an equally strong tendency to minimize what is called idealism and to exalt material aims and purposes. In Italy today the

newer educational spirit is frankly described as "military." Ideals may be set up by nations which "have arrived," Italians are told, but a nation which is just "arriving" must pursue its own course. A hopeful sign, however, is that Italy is trying to make the most of what she already has. Some American university men accompanied a group sent to Sardinia recently to study the possibilities of this great island. If each country could forget past differences and devote itself to the task of developing to the utmost the land it already possesses and to the equally important work of stimulating the mental and spiritual possibilities of its people through right education, there would be no further need of "arsenals and forts."

All this leads us back to the schoolroom where channels for further thought and action are being prepared. There is enough in our modern life, in the world of today, to answer every craving of the young mind for daring, for adventure, for strife. What more epic achievement is there in history than Lindbergh's flight? He prepared himself with the utmost care for this test of skill and endurance. Strength of body without outlet in labor and achievement is a menace; but the boy or man who trains his body for contest with the powers of nature and his mind for grappling with problems of science and invention will never lack worth while work and reward. Stories of polar explorations, of rescues on land and sea, of stupendous undertakings in the construction of tunnels and bridges, and, last but not least, the influence of personalities like that of David Livingstone who lived and worked for years alone and without weapons in the midst of "uncivilized" people, all these afford limitless opportunities for stimulating the minds and the hearts of young people and all may serve the further purpose of developing power of expression.

Then, to come nearer home, boys and girls who become interested in the affairs of their own city will be intelligent students

of history and are likely to become good citizens. Few of them will be called upon, let us hope, to fight on the battlefield, but all will have a personal interest in such matters as pure water supply, clean streets and alleys, and the provision of places for wholesome recreation and exercise. Such topics as the following may be answered in a few brief and well constructed sentences:

1. Where does the water you drink come from and how is it brought to your house?
2. How does a pump work?
3. How is water brought to the top of a very high building?

Whatever has the stamp of individuality is creative. Good literature, well told or read, stimulates lively expression. A fourth grade teacher who had succeeded in keenly interesting her pupils in Longfellow's "Miles Standish" was delighted to receive a set of "compositions" on the subject of John Alden's message. Here is one of them:

"One day Miles Standish said to Alden, 'I want you to go to Priscilla's house and tell her that I love her.' John was sad, but to satisfy Miles Standish he had to do it. As he was on his way he picked some flowers for her because he loved her too. As he arrived she was spinning and singing. He went in but he did not tell the story right away but he talked about the Indians and such things but smoothing the matter out he told."

This little composition has the stamp of individuality. It reveals genuine appreciation of the story. Such expression is probably as near an approach to "creative writing" as one can get from young pupils. What we are after is something *real*, real appreciation, real interest, real sense of humor as means of developing effective expression. Clear conception, genuine feeling, definite understanding are motives for expression and, in this sense, every good teacher is a teacher of expression, of creative speaking and creative writing.

Authors In The Making

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D ID YOU ever wonder just what you would say to an author or celebrity if you were left alone with him for an interview?

About ten years ago, a young journalist once confessed to me that she had lain awake for three nights trying to decide upon an opening question for her first interview with an author. I suggested that she ask him whether his first impulse to write was encouraged by his home or by his school.

"Why do you think that a good leading question?" she asked, rather skeptically; and I told her, "Because he will say, 'Neither!' with prompt heat, and go on at once to tell you of the surreptitious efforts, and the discouraging years that came before recognition. In all probability he was given extra arithmetic to do if he showed a tendency to make rhymes in school, and at home he was forcibly thrust out into the fresh air, admonished to take his head out of a book."

Last year I met her again, and she reminded me of the suggestion which I had quite forgotten, and assured me that it worked like a charm and that she was still using it. I cried out in dismay. Had she no idea at all of what ten years could do to homes and to schools—especially to schools! Had she never heard of "H.D.", of Nathalia Crane, of Hilda Conkling!

She smiled at me with the pitying wisdom of the successful newspaper woman.

"You mention three names," she retorted. "How many school children are there in Massachusetts alone? Look at the curricula, look at the size of the classes,

and be sensible. The authors of tomorrow can be interviewed with the same question we asked those of yesterday. If they say 'School,' all well and good. It will be an exceptional school and make a good story. If he says 'Home,' why, it will be even more exceptional and we'll feature the family."

We found the nearest shelter where there were two chairs and proceeded to have a most enjoyable argument. She became enlightened in regard to the modern education of the individual and what is being done toward co-operation of the home and the school, and she convinced me that we mustn't be deceived by our bright enthusiasm over the advance in this development, for of course we aren't doing nearly enough toward uncovering the embryonic and latent genius by which we are surrounded. It is true that we have offered the living-room to our children who no longer seek the sheltered side of the trunk in the garret, but we are not taking their efforts seriously enough, either at home or at school.

Carlyle said, "It is the greatest invention man has ever made, this of marking down the unseen thought that is in him by written characters." It is an invention to the child, and to see his achievement in print carries with it some of the wonder a scientist feels when an experiment takes form and may be shared with humanity.

If the lesson of unselfishness has been well taught, the desire to share will overcome the self-consciousness that is shown by so many children. If you have a happy thought, pass it on so that some one else may enjoy it, too.

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Under the influence of a perfectly sympathetic viewpoint, students will expand until they are no more secretive about their finest emotions than was Richard Halliburton when he talked with the maidens of the Erechtheum in the August moonlight of Greece. Better, even, than his *GLORIOUS ADVENTURE*, I should like to read the autobiography of this Princeton boy who lived for the day when he should run the Marathon with Pheidippides, and swim the Hellespont with Leander. There was a rich background and wise, understanding contacts with parents or teachers somewhere in the path of his exits and entrances, for he is a contemporary of our youngest authors, and probably did not have to steal his chances to record his ideas as he stole his chance to climb the Acropolis—when the watchmen were not looking.

Which of our boys and girls are to be the successful authors and educators of the future, we cannot possibly tell. The child who seems most gifted all through his school days may be merely fluent, responsive, and easily expressive without possessing the spark of genius that will flame into real originality. On the other hand the child who is the despair of the English teachers and of his ambitious parents may be using every ounce of his creative faculties in preparing the soil for the rare things that are to grow out of it later on. We must be so careful how we interfere with these mysterious forces that are working deeper than we can see. Not knowing exactly the right thing to do—no one really *can*—we must only be sure we do not trample on something small and rare by superimposing our enormous energy and desire on these little growing things. Try to give them all a chance, and when the class in composition assembles, replace the feeling of pressure with a sense of leisure. If only two acceptable papers come from a class of forty, time wasn't wasted for the other thirty-eight, not if the atmosphere was right. They are at

least developing appreciation and respect for the ones who can produce something of interest, and we need an appreciative public in a much larger proportion than we need composers.

In the book entitled *ROUGH JUSTICE*, Montague sets forth a truthful picture of an English schoolroom at as late a date as 1914. An exceptionally fine mind has shyly passed in a theme on "Rivers," an assigned subject. It happens that in the river near his home he has found some spears driven into the bank by the Roman soldiers, and his imagination flames into a masterpiece of juvenile writing. The master reads it aloud with hilarious and scornful comments, as exemplifying everything that a composition should not be, and holds up as a model the work of the weakest character in the book who has written, in the usual stereotyped phrases, of the "yellow Tiber" and the "classic Thames."

We pride ourselves on our emancipation from the old stunting methods. We talk glibly of inductive education, yet a short time ago a student read to me a theme which was sparkling with originality. I thought how refreshing it would be to the teacher to come across that paper; but when I asked her later if the class enjoyed her composition, she said with quiet resignation, "She didn't have it read. I can't do anything. She said it was *all right*, but I never write just the *kind* of theme she has in mind."

Let them choose their own topics *unless you are asked for suggestions*. Then, *after* their ideas, their own unhampered ideas, are committed to paper more or less clearly, I help them lavishly if they need it. Often they don't. In the lower grades it is advisable to make as few changes as possible until they reach the point of desiring a rich vocabulary.

A little girl in the third grade had worked so long on a stanza of her poem "To the Dandelions" that I thought she might need a bit of help. She was a dainty

child with whimsical thoughts, and my impression of her personality was jarred by the last line—

In the pleasant meadow lands
You lift your heads so yellow,
And seem to listen for children's feet.
You hear the cows when they bellow.

I asked her if there might be a little brook flowing in the meadow.

"Yes, indeed! Cows like to be near brooks."

"There is a very pretty word," I told her, "that poets use for the mooing of a cow, and it would rhyme with 'flowing.' You could move your meadow into the second line, and without changing your thought or your pattern the least bit, your cows could be 'lowing' instead of bellowing."

"Oh, no!" she protested, very much distressed. "I don't know 'lowing!' Cows bellow. I've heard them, and it's very frightening."

Of course we left them bellowing, and smoothed out the worried wrinkles.

As years and understanding progress, a delicate push toward new words, now and then, will lead them to a real and lasting friendship with the dictionary which is to be cherished above all literary friendships.

In the OTIS INTELLIGENCE TESTS there are several questions which are answered by underlining the one of five or six words which seems best to express the idea of the sentence. One is:

"The feeling a father has for his children is usually—joy, pity, affection, contempt, reverence."

A child in the fifth class underlined *contempt*. We assume that she was not familiar with the dictionary definition.

There are few children fortunate enough to have a mother or a teacher like Grace Hazard Conkling who records every spoken thought of value, and you may say with reason that it is not often we find a child who goes out like Hilda, after a night of

drenching rain, and says to a limp and beaten blossom:

"Sparkle up, little tired flower,
Leaning on the grass;
Did you find the rain of night
Too heavy to hold?"

There are, however, countless cunning things your children have said that you always meant to write down and didn't. You thought you would remember them, but you haven't. It isn't too late yet, to start a journal for your child if he is young; with him, if he can write.

One of the most flourishing journals I have ever seen began from most distressing necessity. A bewitching little lady of three and a half suddenly began romancing. She would confess to naughtiness and take her scoldings like a soldier; her stories that I call romances were not fibs, they were real literature, but distressing just the same. One day mother produced an attractive red book at the beginning of an imaginative recital. "Wait a minute!" she said, gayly. "Is this a story I can write in this pretty red book, or is it a telling story? Telling stories, you know, are just as true as true, exactly the way it happened—but we can make writing-stories whenever Mary-girl has a pretty thought."

The distinction was immediately accepted, and a gifted, but very truthful girl of eighteen years now writes for the college paper, with many a grateful backward thought to the pretty red book.

You can plan different ways and means, but be sure that you record or encourage the recording of incentives to productive expression.

We begin, as early as kindergarten, to set down anything that may inspire the children to think and become expressive in words or rhythm. The only really surprising thing about poetry by children is that there isn't more of it scattered about. The evolution of poetry from mere rhyming is a wonderfully accurate measure of a child's mental growth.

Here is a stanza written by an eight-year-old boy:

Columbus was a little lad,
He lived down by the sea.
He used to think of foreign lands
Where he would like to be.

And again the same thought from an eleven-year-old viewpoint.

There's a little boy's dream of great daring;
There's the heart of the sailor so bold;
The mind of a grave, thinking scholar,
And the soul of the Knights of old.

The sails of the Santa Maria
Are crumbled away into dust:
The hulls of the Nina and Pinta
Are sunken and covered with rust.

Though caravels in all their glory
Must pass on with the years that are gone,
The courage and faith of Columbus
Are still urging us to "Sail on."

A story by this same child shows the play of imagination which colors the study of history for her, and there is a simplicity of climax seldom achieved in childhood.

For the Price of an Ivory Elephant

Tullus, the Roman slave, lay down exhausted near his plow. The overwhelming demands of the week had brought Tullus down and down until there he lay miserably sick.

His master Lucius was a miser who sat all day thinking, thinking how he could get more money. His last effort was useless. Lucius had been elected by his rich friends to rule an island province, and as he had robbed the poor, and accused them of things they did not do, the senate had ruled that he should repay his ill-gotten gains.

Tullus rose with effort as he saw his master coming briskly across the field. As Lucius hurried toward the slave, Tullus remembered the misty day in March when Lucius had bought him for a few cents. Tullus's father was a Greek merchant who owned the ship "Thebes," and Tullus himself was a

marvelous sculptor, and had once won the wreath at the Olympic Festival. Lucius, not knowing this, unwisely sent him to the fields and cruelly over-worked him as was the custom.

"Tullus," growled Lucius, "a man came to me today, and offered me an ivory elephant in exchange for you, which I immediately accepted. You leave tomorrow with him for Greece."

Tullus turned and looked toward Greece. He sprang forward, threw an arm across his eyes, and wept. Suddenly he dropped to the ground and lay as if dead.

When Tullus recovered, he realized that his new master was standing over him. Tullus rose and before him stood his father.

"Come, my son, let us go home," he said simply.

This little girl was graduated from our seventh class two years ago, and I have been watching for something of her composition in the school paper of the secondary school to which she has gone, but they tell me that four hours of home work are required, and that only a few of the older girls have time for magazine writing as it all has to be done outside of the regular classroom work. No chance there for the blossoming of one of the most promising literary minds I have ever glimpsed.

It was this same child who proposed one day that everyone write what his favorite color meant to him. Some of them they illustrated, and bound together in a booklet.

Her color was blue.

"Blue brings the vision of a windmill on a Delft blue plate, and the curling rings of smoke escaping from the pipes which Dutchmen are continually smoking.

"I see smiling, flaxen-haired children in billowing blue skirts gathering little starry-eyed forget-me-nots.

"Gondolas gliding over Venetian waters.

"The mantle of Mary, Mother of Jesus."

There were many extraordinary thoughts mingled with the obvious associations of the primary colors, but the choice of *brown* by one child was in itself unusual.

"Brown usually makes me think of the earth in the spring, and brown horses plowing the fields for the vegetables to grow in.

"Gates and doors shut tight and bolted.

"Shadows playing on the roofs at night."

A cheery, mischievous boy ten years old, wrote his expression of dark gray, and arranged the phrases in the form of verse.

"A house in the distance, all gray,

A misty, dark gray.

A dark shingled roof

With steel gray rims,

A golden weather-vane in the middle

Standing with pride

On the dark gray house.

With pigeons under the shutters,

The old gray house is happy."

I am aware that I quote largely from the lush green paths that lie a pace or two beyond the trodden highway, but it is only to prove that this more elusive, shadier beauty can be brought out into the dusty heat of the daily theme, the book reviews, and even the prosaics of reproduction.

Ours is a tremendous responsibility, that of giving the next generation a fair start. Emerson's admonition comes to us soberly, almost terrifyingly:

"The days come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant friendly party, but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away."

CREATIVE WRITING AS A PREPARATION FOR HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH

(Continued from page 232)

duce stimulates confidence on his own part and a laudable desire to live up to what is expected from him. Constant association in high school publication work with children who have received sympathetic appreciation of their timid literary efforts while in pre-high school grades, demonstrates clearly the necessity for encouragement if initiative is to be developed in later work.

The opinions of various pupils who have done creditable work tends to bring out three points as to the value of creative work done before entering high school.

First, confidence gained because respect is paid one's own work is invaluable when the time comes for recitation in a large group in high school classes. Second, the necessity for securing material for creative work leads to the habit of close observation, which certainly makes for better work in the advanced grades. Third, understanding direction on the part of elementary teachers leads to the cultivation of the ability to follow instructions, which most assuredly will produce greater success in English in high school.

First Experiences In Creative Writing

ROBERTA STOCKWELL

Student, Northwestern High School, Detroit

SEEN IN retrospect, my adventures in attempting to acquire the technique of writing convince me that the greatest value of such study is not to the persons who would read the productions of a pupil, but to the pupil himself. My own personal experience teaches me this, for while I have produced little that could not better have been left unwritten, nevertheless my intellectual development and the immeasurable expansion of my horizons prove that it has been entirely worth while.

Before I entered the eighth grade I had never looked within a volume of poetry unless compelled to do so. I would have regarded myself in amazement had I ever read a poem merely for its own sake. Now I peruse volume after volume of the writings of the great poets in a desire to familiarize myself with their works, to study their technique, and to recognize my own thoughts, expressed in a much more beautiful style than I could ever attain.

As a pupil in the third or fourth grade, I decided to write a poem. My method was decidedly unusual, for I found in my spelling manual a list of so-called "family words," in reality a few simple rhymes. Selecting a number of these that suited my fancy, I composed lines terminated by them. By this process, I finally evolved several graceful effusions such as this:

When Jim and I went fishing
Down by the little brook,
Jim said that he was wishing
He had a better hook.
Although he thought he'd catch some
He didn't catch a thing,

And soon he said, "We'd better come,"
And so I followed him.

Triumphantly I showed them to my father and mother, and equally triumphantly I memorized one of them in place of our literature assignment, which was to memorize a poem by some well-known author. When questioned as to the writer of it, I proudly announced that I had written it myself. I wondered why my teacher did not go into raptures over it, and for years afterward confined my writing to compositions.

Finally there came a time when mere English assignments refused to satisfy my creative instinct. My interests were certain to be directed into some channel or other at this period, and fortunately I was led to discover a world of unexplored charm and beauty in poetry. Even the first day in the English class that was to be of such moment in my development was of unusual interest—I felt as soon as I glanced at my teacher-to-be that she and I were kindred spirits. She spoke, and my first impression was strengthened. After the routine of enrollment had been completed, she read us a poem by Will Carlton, "Betsy and I Are Out." No longer was she the placid woman who had begun the class. Her personality had been entirely changed—now she was a typical American farmer, brusque and hearty of speech, but thoroughly honest and sincere. It was the type of poem that would appeal to almost all the members of our class, however diverse their interests—a fortunate choice. Even then I suspected what I was later to be assured of, that she

was an artist, and the interpretation of poetry was her art.

Only one thing was accomplished that hour, but it was powerful—she awoke in us a desire to return the next day, a desire that was to remain all semester.

During the first week she introduced us to a plan which had been developing in her mind for some time. If we qualified, she wanted us to be a model class for a demonstration which she intended to give during a convention of the Michigan State Teachers' Association. Would we like to do that? Strange to say, our attitude was not that of a patient with a strange disease on whom the physician experiments, prescribing medicines first and discovering his mistakes later. In glowing terms she pictured it as our hour of glory, when all the teachers in the state could come to hear us. She was constantly noting our reactions, for it *was* an experiment, but so tactfully did she proceed that we, blissfully unaware, reacted normally, rather an unusual thing for pupils under observation.

Before more than a few weeks had passed, our period of training began. The work was plentifully sprinkled with grammar lessons and spelling, it is true, but that only gave an added lure to the poetry which we studied. Life is like that. The person who can devote all of his time to the art that he loves, heedless of more prosaic labors, can never gain as much from it as he could were his enjoyment of it restricted.

Slowly our English teacher was becoming acquainted with her class, familiarizing herself with our various abilities and degrees of appreciation. Slowly she came to know her pupils individually—almost all of them. It was becoming her practice to have us memorize short poems of six or eight lines now and then, and we were growing very proficient in it. Some members of the class could recite a poem after hearing it read twice, but nearly always I was silent. One day she read four lines by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*

Then she asked if there were any questions as to the meaning. A hand shot upward.

"Yes, Joseph?"

"Who was Granjor?"

After explaining that the fourth word in the first line was not a character in Greek mythology, she asked for a volunteer to recite the poem. I pondered for a moment. I knew well that I could do it, and after all, what had my days of comparative silence brought me? In a moment of impulse I raised my hand, and as luck would have it, her first glance was in my direction, and I knew that I was fated to recite. Unless one has been a bashful child, even the most vivid imagination cannot picture his useless but very real fears. I stood up, and my knees trembled. I swallowed. Then I began. Why, it was not so bad! None the less, I was glad that the poem was so short. A moment, and it was over. I sat down. Her comment was not at all what I had anticipated, for instead of some word as to how quickly I had memorized it, she remarked upon my manner of delivering it, and told me that I had a lovely voice!

I was stunned for a moment. Only one other person had ever told me that—my grandmother, who had in vain always held a hope that I had inherited my mother's gift of song. Three years have passed since, but I have never discovered why my teacher made the comment that she did. Nevertheless, this incident remained in my memory, for it proved the beginning of a long and beautiful friendship between us.

After this I was no longer afraid to express myself in class, for I found that my ideas were listened to and respected, which is, I believe, the most important reaction necessary in the encouragement of creative writing.

Open House

ALICE M. JORDAN

*Supervisor of Work With Children
Boston Public Library*



Courtesy of Longmans, Green
From *THE TANGLE-COATED
HORSE*. By Ella Young.

THEY BEGAN to come early in the summer, the guests for the great opening of the book year. Just one at a time during the first weeks, then in couples, now for a month past in large companies. Hospitality can hardly go farther. In range of setting, in variety of theme the "young books" of 1929, to use a happily coined phrase of Elizabeth MacKinstry's, have never been equalled. Every continent, almost every country, has been drawn upon for background and artists familiar with the scene have made illustrations, generally adequate, sometimes beautiful. From New Zealand to the North Pole, from China, Persia, Tunis, France and Ireland to our own shores and ample boundaries, have come the traditions and customs, the art and ideals found in the new books planned for American children. To make from among them a selection for review is no easy task.

But here are a group of picture books for a start. The Petershams have made a book of gorgeous color for their little boy, MIKI. His imaginary journey to Hungary, his father's homeland, will plant new ideas of that country in the minds of many fortunate children. Miki in his gay national costume going out on the plain with the shepherds or listening with Sari the goose, and Matyi the dog to gypsy music is a charming figure. And the children will

be as eager as Miki was when he stood in all the bright decoration of a Hungarian house, to know how he will find a place to sleep on top of so many pillows.

THE RUNAWAY SARDINE, by Emma Brock, is the outcome of an American librarian's visit to Brittany and the pictures were made by her in a little Breton village. For there she tells us dwelt the old fisherman and his wife in whose kitchen lived a yellow cat and a black hen and a sardine in a tub. When Zacherie the sardine put his tail in his mouth and rolled out of the house and down the street the story begins.

Kurt Wiese, a young German interned in Australia during the World War, has made a lovely book of animal life in KAROO THE KANGAROO. The story of the baby kangaroo and his mother with the other animals of the Australian bush is illustrated by soft crayon sketches drawn with real sympathy.

From the hand of Elsa Beskow in Sweden came the pictures for PELLE'S NEW CLOTHES, already known to a few with Swedish text, now newly translated. It tells a realistic story for little children, of shearing the lamb, weaving the cloth, cutting and making the suit paid for by a boy's own earnings. A particularly useful book, this, for the lower school grades.

There is room for but one more, the joyous handiwork of Andy Kauffman and his little sister, *TIGERS AND THINGS*. Although their mother helped with the verses, the paintings are authentic child work almost sure to stimulate other children to undertake, fearlessly, a whole gallery of wild animal portraits. Quite apart from its humorous appeal it has an interest for teachers, since it shows what action and spirit a child's free work may have if he has been given the right incentive.

If animals fill a large place in many of the stories so they do also in the lives of children. The busy marketplace with its plump pigs and donkeys, its horses and goats, its vendors and snake charmers, makes an alluring background for a group of amusing tales about Tunis, *FATMA WAS A GOOSE*. Because the author has lived in the midst of such Oriental scenes and sounds she presents a lively picture of existence on the edge of the desert and makes the strange friendship between an Arab goose and a camel plausible.

The hero of *CHIEF OF THE HERD*, Mukerji's new book, is an elephant, chosen leader of a wild herd living in the jungle when their old leader was shot by man, the eternal enemy. Now the author tells the story, now Sirdar the Chief sets forth the art of leadership and his own experiences. Together they weave a colorful panorama of jungle life from the viewpoint of the most gifted elephant of the flock. Western minds find it hard, perhaps, to realize the sagacity and intelligence of these large creatures, but no Indian ever seems to doubt them. John Eyton shows like high esteem of elephant character throughout the pages of *KULLU AND THE ELEPHANT*, a sequel to *KULLU OF THE CARTS*, published last year. Once again, here is the heart of India, Kipling's India, and here are two runaways, Kullu and Durroo on an Elephant Holiday in sunshine and warmth and the green sea of the jungle. It is true that Durroo, the

Eurasian, has run away from school, but who will say that he is not learning many things from life and the jungle and his tender friendship with Kullu. While this new book has no one scene to equal that of the campfire in *KULLU OF THE CARTS*, the adventure is perhaps better sustained and more exciting.



Courtesy of Macmillan
From *HITTY—HER FIRST HUNDRED YEARS*. By Rachel Field. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop.

Animals in captivity are not always unhappy, we may be sure. Mr. Norwood thinks that some of them have very good times and he has lived with the circus for a long time and kept a diary of strange happenings. Down on Martha's Vineyard last month, *THE CIRCUS MENAGERIE* was warmly commended by one family of children of varying ages. These are true stories as told to a boy visiting the big tent by the men who live with the animals.

Many are the versions of the Gaelic legends of Fionn, the great chief of the Fianna, but Ella Young has beautifully told some of them again in *THE TANGLE-COATED HORSE*. Her pages are illuminated by the glow of fitly chosen words. Her poet's ear has caught the melody of the

old music and set it down: "Sun and wind and deep-rooted earth give me victory."

From the first picture of the small boy with blue eyes and red gold hair sitting under an oak tree and pounding a deer skin to soften it, to the last story of Usheen's return from Tir-n'an-Og in the days of St. Patrick, Miss Young has chosen the episodes with admirable skill. That from which the book takes its name is rich in humor and invention. The tangle-coated horse and his master, the laziest serving man in the world, are creatures of robust qualities, strongly knit about by enchantment, their gambols as they splashed into the sea with the Fianna are full of laughter. The fine illustrations are by Vera Bock.

Genuine folk lore of the Maoris is preserved in *THE LONG BRIGHT LAND*, an exceptionally well made book by a New Zealander, Edith Howes. These tales are the remains of primitive ideas of the beginning of the world, of the coming of man and the possession of knowledge. They are fresh and youthful with the imagery and color of an unspoiled people. Dorothy Lathrop's poetic illustrations are appropriate in every respect. As new fairy-tales they will be accepted by children.

There is more than a suggestion of the Arabian Nights in *TAL*, a modern wonder book created by the inexhaustible imagination of Paul Fenimore Cooper. Tal is a much loved boy of unknown origin in the village of Martoona when a wise old story teller, Noom-zor-Noom, arrives with his talking donkey, Millietinkle, and invites him to go on a long journey. On this thread of story are strung other stories of marvelous adventure and even of strange beauty. Tal is a real boy, real in his curiosity and his daring, in his acceptance of the unusual, real, too, when he is afraid. Millietinkle furnishes the fun and is a thoroughly convincing animal. Their wanderings are through lands of surprise and enchantment and no stories told by Noom-zor-Noom are more full of suspense

and romance than the main tale binding them together.

THE FAIRY CARAVAN is a good half nonsense, but the other half is so truly characteristic of Beatrix Potter's beloved Lakeland that it may well prove a first introduction to the English countryside. Meant for older children than the readers of *Peter Rabbit* the story ushers in a troupe of talking animals about whom are woven bits of folk lore and legends of the Cumberland hills.

Fairies play a leading part in a small book of Christmas stocking size, *SALLY GABBLE AND THE FAIRIES*. They were such a trouble to Sally Gabble that she set a trap and caught one and then—she took it on a picnic!

Children who love Pinocchio may find in *KASPERLE'S ADVENTURES* the same kind of entertainment that the famous wooden boy from Italy affords them. Kasperle had been sleeping for ninety years in the attic of a house in the Black Forest where an old carver had made his home. When he waked up he showed that a wooden boy is generally in mischief whether in Italy or Germany.

While this may be true of wooden dolls who are boys the wooden dolls who are girls are much more trustworthy and well bred. Behind *HITTY: HER FIRST HUNDRED YEARS*, lies a cross-section of American history. For Hitty was carved in the state of Maine by the Old Peddler out of a stick of mountain-ash and her destiny took her half around the world and back again. Though she was, and is, a "genuine antique," her doll's life has been no tame existence. She was Phoebe Preble's dearest possession when she sailed out of Boston on a whaling voyage, to be shipwrecked and cast away on an island, carried under strange conditions to India and brought back to America by a different mother. What changing tides of American life swept her from north to south, from Philadelphia to New Orleans, back again to New England and then to the shop in

New York where Rachel Field and Dorothy Lathrop found her is a long story. Possibly some of Hitty's recollections of her seagoing days would not bear the scrutiny of Lincoln Colcord or William McFee, but little girls who love their dolls will read her story many times and feel her charm and strength of character. No doubt they will be quick to perceive that her safe escape in perilous situations was due to the power of mountain-ash wood against witchcraft and evil.

The mysterious working of the Underground Railway in the years before the Civil War is the theme of *SUSANNA AND TRISTRAM*. A Quaker girl and her brother, searching for a relative, made their way to Cincinnati where they found themselves involved in a secret undertaking to give aid to runaway slaves. Susanna, the older of the two, a courageous, resourceful girl, is able to be of great assistance and what happens is by no means improbable. There is the hint of a coming romance in her story. The writing shows good character creation, especially in Levi Coffin, head of the Railway.

Authentic stories of western life throw a valuable light on history lessons. *THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE* rings true to pioneer traditions in the picture given of homesteading in Dakota. The four young people with only their own efforts to depend on are bound to call forth sympathy, especially when they meet with unfriendliness in man and nature. Their life on the prairie was one of struggle and persistence, out of which grew love of the land and sterling strength. Marion McNeely's stories for girls are of high quality.

In *YOU MAKE YOUR OWN LUCK*, Elsie Singmaster follows the experiences of a young girl in the Virginia Mountains who is suddenly awakened to the value of a college education. Her determination to earn money for this purpose carries her into a wild part of the country where she has exciting adventures with moonshiners

in a cave. This, too, has a hint of romance as well as a mystery.

While Cornelia Meigs has done more notable work in other books, *THE CROOKED APPLETREE* is marked by her feeling of our debt to the past and by the presence of young people of fine spirit and high principles. Miss Meigs writes always in a delightful style with a sense of permanent values in character and a deep affection for the roots of American life, both East and West.

ALANNA carries you to Ireland, to the pine glens and silver streams of Ballycooly. Helen Coale Crew presents a refreshing understanding picture of small village life in Tipperary. All outdoors is dear to Alanna and she'd sooner go off in the dawn to hear the wind of morning in the treetops than to be sure of her breakfast and her comfort. When Alanna leaves home to earn her living in America her story seems a little less real, but she goes back to Ireland, a warm-hearted, generous lass glad to be in Ballycooly again with all that is loved and familiar.

Elizabeth Cleveland Miller, whose *CHILDREN OF THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE* touched such a high mark, has written a book for older girls. *PRAN OF ALBANIA* has the same setting as the earlier book, Skodra and the high mountains around it. It is war time and the tribesmen are standing against the invading Slavs while their families take refuge in the village. But the story is concerned mainly with Pran, about to be betrothed after the fashion of her clan to a man whom she has not seen. Or so she thinks. Here are old customs and simple living; here, too, are loyalty and devotion, bravery and daring. Pran's heart is given to young Nush and with him she keeps faith. A sweet and frank love story from a far country.

FALCONS OF FRANCE deals with war and aviation, two subjects which hold special interest for boys. Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, noted members of the

Lafayette Flying Corps, tell in fiction form many of the exploits of that daring band of airmen. Worthwhile as history, full of the spirit of adventure with no glorification of war it is a book to be recommended to any one without hesitation.

How many boys enjoy a reminiscent book is always problematical. *SHINER WATSON* is the story of an everyday boy, autobiographical in form, but neither patronizing nor self conscious. Shiner is all boy with plenty of fun and play but with a fair share of idealism, too. Mr. Jenkins has not forgotten his own boyhood.

Among real biographies there are three which have interested me especially. *A DAUGHTER OF THE SEINE* is the life of Madame Roland by Jeanette Eaton. From the homesick convent school days, through the exciting scenes of the French Revolution to the tragic end, her story is told in vivid and compelling prose. It is a splendid addition to the biography shelf for older girls. *AMUNDSEN*, by Bellamy Partidge, gives in convenient form and size an inspiring account of the great Norwegian's career. The urge of the explorer came early to Amundsen, for in his early boyhood he showed the hardihood and endurance necessary to one who would search out the secrets of unknown lands. No one can read of his unhesitating departure in quest of the lost Nobile without a pang for the sacrifice of a noble life.

The third biography is of quite a different sort. From his memories of a life

which began in a tiny village in the north of Persia Youel B. Mirza has brought together a delightful series of episodes called *MYSELF WHEN YOUNG*. Simple in style, yet animated and informing, these recollections of happy days and nights under the blue Persian sky will find many readers. Whether he writes of the festivals, Christmas and New Year, or tells about his grandfather's visit from a fierce Kurd or discloses some of the secrets of rugmaking, Mr. Mirza tells a fascinating and authoritative story.

Of the several new editions of Bible stories Walter de la Mare's version seems to me beyond compare. He has told eight stories from the Old Testament with reverence and imagination, in a style that is perfectly suited to its purpose. Mr. De la Mare says in his introduction: "Remembrance of what the matchless originals in the Bible itself meant to me when I was a child is still fresh and vivid in mind, and these renderings are little more than an attempt to put that remembrance as completely as I can into words," He has taken advantage of the work of commentators and authorities to amplify the Bible narrative, and has painted unforgettable pictures in words of beauty and power. For children who have imagination these stories will be so memorable and arresting that the pictures in the text will seem an intrusion. The English edition without pictures is especially recommended.

Books Mentioned in This Article

Allec, Marjorie Hill.....	SUSANNA AND TRISTRAM.....	Houghton	\$2.00
Brock, Emma L.	THE RUNAWAY SARDINE.....	Knopf	2.00
Cooper, Paul Fenimore.....	TAL	Morrow	2.50
Crew, Helen Coale.....	ALANNA	Harper	2.00
De la Mare, Walter.....	STORIES FROM THE BIBLE.....	Cosmopolitan	3.25
		English edition	3.15
Eaton, Jeanette	A DAUGHTER OF THE SEINE.....	Harper	2.50
Eyton, John	KULLU AND THE ELEPHANT.....	Bobbs Merrill	2.50
Field, Rachel	HITTY—HER FIRST HUNDRED YEARS	Macmillan	2.50
Howes, Edith	THE LONG BRIGHT LAND.....	Little Brown	2.50
Jenkins, MacGregor	SHINER WATSON	Bobbs Merrill	2.00

Kauffman, Andy and M. B.	TIGERS AND THINGS.....	Macmillan	\$2.25
Kauffman			
Mac Neely, Marian Hurd.....	THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE.....	Longmans, Green	2.00
Martin, Dahris B.....	FATMA WAS A GOOSE.....	Doubleday, Doran	2.00
Meigs, Cornelia	THE CROOKED APPLE TREE.....	Little Brown	2.00
Miller, Elizabeth Cleveland.....	PRAN OF ALBANIA.....	Doubleday	2.00
Mirza, Youel B.....	MYSELF WHEN YOUNG.....	Doubleday	2.50
Mukerji, D. G.....	THE CHIEF OF THE HERD.....	Dutton	2.50
Nordhoff, Charles and James			
Normal Hall	FALCONS OF FRANCE.....	Little Brown	2.50
Norwood, Edwin P.....	THE CIRCUS MENAGERIE.....	Doubleday	1.50
Partridge, Bellamy	AMUNDSEN	Stokes	2.50
Petersham, Maud and Miska.....	MIKI	Doubleday	2.00
Potter, Beatrix	THE FAIRY CARAVAN.....	McKay	2.00
Potter, Miriam Clark.....	SALLY GABBLE AND THE FAIRIES.....	Macmillan	1.00
Siebe, Josephine	KASPERLI'S ADVENTURES	Macmillan	2.50
Singmaster, Elsie	YOU MAKE YOUR OWN LUCK.....	Longmans, Green	2.00
Wiese, Kurt	KAROO THE KANGAROO.....	Coward-McCann	1.50
Young, Ella	THE TANGLE-COATED HORSE.....	Longmans, Green	3.50

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc. Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

Of *The Elementary English Review* published monthly except July and August at Detroit, Michigan, for October 1, 1929.

State of Michigan }
County of Wayne } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared C. C. Certain, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of *The Elementary English Review* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, C. C. Certain, Detroit, Michigan; Editor, C. C. Certain, Detroit, Michigan.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) C. C. Certain, Detroit, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) *There are none.*

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appears upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

C. C. CERTAIN, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1929.

(Seal)

EDWARD J. KUNKEL,
(My commission expires November 17, 1931.)

Standards In Creative Writing

ETOILE ANDERSON

Priest School, Detroit, Michigan

OFTEN, indeed, have weary English teachers asked, "How *can* creative writing be taught?"

Weary or not, they were on the verge of discovering the starting point: the art of creative writing can not be taught, but rather—encouraged. For even English teachers would have a very hard time of it, indeed, if Providence had not foreseen their need, and given most children a fair amount of potential creative ability in writing.

"Sarcasm," you breathe. But even sarcasm is light punishment for folk who have been looking for a magic wand and miracles at a time when neither could prove very necessary or helpful. For the child is naturally motivated by a primitive and urgent desire to communicate with others. He is primarily interested in his own thoughts, and believes in their importance. To him the world is very "new and all"; he wishes to talk about it as a personal discovery.

Creative writing is one of the most valuable forms of expression which his desire for communication may assume. The teacher's role is one of helping him to gain a literary background, and to place the tools, the mechanics of writing, within his grasp.

Both parent and teacher are more prone to lead than to guide the child, yet the very word "creative" suggests the intimate, the personal, the original. In his writing, the child should find self-expression; the expression of that self which differs from all others and will differ from itself with the passing of time. Provision must be made for these changes, for he

will no longer care to read or produce material once of great interest to him, or material far beyond his measure of comprehension.

The child of six years, with his tiny range of experience, his love of toys, his concrete acceptance of fairies, is but the shadowy forerunner of the lad of twelve, seeking to identify himself with the group, adventuresome and querulous.

Source books and material of stimulation provided by the teacher should be carefully chosen. Tables of age-level interests of children may be found in most good psychology texts, and should serve as the basis of choice of material.

But while group interests and expressions of interests may be catalogued in this manner, the problem of individual differences rests with the parent or teacher.

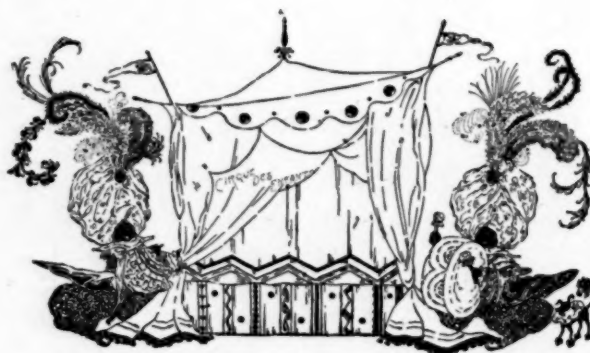
As parents and teachers, what shall we do when the child brings his work to us for our opinion? Can we approve and judge so skillfully that he is glad that he came, and is encouraged to further effort and greater joy in writing? Have we helped him to find himself, rather than to echo the adult world? Is he having fun on his voyage of discovery? Have we helped him to see that the creative world is as much in need of the audience as it is of the author, that the stage is but part of the theatre, that in this situation as in all others there is the means of sharing the fineness of life?

Since the "reason to be" of creative writing is the giving of pleasure, then anything which gives pleasure must not be too readily condemned. The child with his love for jingles, the adult wanting senti-

mental doggerel, go to make up a more pleasant world than folk who "see no sense in it at all." Which is, perhaps, a way of saying that creative writing does not exist for the sake of standards, but that

standards may very fittingly be called the guide posts of creative writing.

And may the first guide posts be those of tolerance, patience and hope.



Courtesy of the Macmillan Co.

From MISS PERT'S CHRISTMAS TREE. By J. Paget-Fredericks. Illustrated by the author.

Editorials

They May Like One of These

CHILDREN'S Book Week was originally intended to interest children in books already in existence. But in the course of its development, Book Week has influenced authors as well as children, until today we have a richer assortment of literature for children than ever before.

With this fact in mind, the staff of *The Elementary English Review* set about recently to take inventory of particularly attractive books published for children since 1925. The object was to take stock of books during these last two or three years, which have been written under the spell of Book Week observances and similar encouraging occasions, such as the awarding of the Newbery prize.

The outcome of this inventory is published on page 250 under the caption, *Books in the Offing*.

This list makes no pretense at completeness. It is rather in the nature of a casual stroll among library book shelves. Obviously enough, many attractive volumes have been overlooked.

We make no apologies for being unscientific in our procedure in selecting these books. Anyone who is interested in children's literature, and who has been a close observer of the developments in juvenile book making certainly should have the privilege of pausing at one of the mile posts along the way—like Children's Book Week—to humor his own preferences by holding them up to the public, or, more delightful still, offering them as an invitation to boys and girls who may find some rare new acquaintance among them.

Never before in the history of the world has there been so fine a body of children's literature as we have today. Those who know this have the responsibility of point-

ing it out to others, to whose enjoyment it might thus contribute.

The Council Meeting

The annual meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English will be held in Kansas City, Missouri, November 28-30, 1929. Convention headquarters will be at the Hotel Baltimore, where the rates are \$2.00, single (or \$3.00, double) without bath, and from \$2.50, single (or \$4.00 double) with bath, upwards. It is advisable to make reservations immediately.

One-and-a-half-fare rates may be secured by following these directions:

1. Buy ticket at the usual one-way tariff fare for the going journey November 25-29 (not on any other date), to Kansas City, Missouri.

2. When purchasing going ticket, ask the ticket agent for a "certificate." If it is impossible to get a certificate from the local ticket agent, a receipt will be satisfactory and should be secured when ticket is purchased. See that certificate is stamped with the same date as ticket. Sign name to the certificate or receipt in ink. Show this to the ticket agent.

3. Call at the railroad station for ticket and certificate at least 30 minutes before departure of train.

4. Certificates are not kept at all stations. If you cannot procure a certificate at your home station, buy a local ticket to nearest point where a certificate and through ticket to place of meeting can be purchased.

5. Immediately upon your arrival at the meeting, present your certificate to the indorsing officer. The reduced fare for the return journey will not apply unless you are properly identified as provided for by the certificate.

Books in the Offing

Folklore and Fancy

FATMA WAS A GOOSE. Tunis Tales. By Dahrís Butterworth. Illustrated by B. L. Cuming. Doubleday, Doran, 1929.

Fatma had staunch friends among the animals who knew her, and she will probably gain others among the boys and girls who read of her adventures.

THE IVORY THRONE OF PERSIA. By Dorothy Coit. Stokes, 1929.

Ancient Persian tales beautifully illustrated, in the manner of Persian manuscript illumination, by New York school children.

KNIGHTS OF CHARLEMAGNE. By Ula Waterhouse Echols. Illustrated by Henry Pitz. Longmans, Green, 1928.

A handsome book.

THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN. By George MacDonald. Illustrated and decorated by Elizabeth MacKinstry. Doubleday, Doran, 1928.

An attractive edition of an old favorite.

ROOTABAGA COUNTRY. By Carl Sandburg. Selections from Rootabaga Stories and Rootabaga Pigeons. Illustrated by Peggy Bacon. Harcourt, Brace, 1929.

A unique contribution to American folk-lore. Peggy Bacon's illustrations are humorous.

THUMBELINA. By Hans Christian Anderson. Pictures by Einar Nerman. Macmillan, 1928.

Nerman's illustrations are as happily fitted to this fairy tale as Tenniel's were to "Alice."

THE WHITE CAT and Other Old French Fairy Tales. By Madame La Comtesse D'Aulnoy. Arranged by Rachel Field. Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry. Macmillan, 1928.

The illustrations are in the French spirit of the stories.

ZUNI INDIAN TALES. By Aileen Nusbaum. Illustrated by Margaret Finman. G. P. Putnam's, 1926.

Indian folk tales, together with Uncle Remus and the Rootabaga people, form a body of American folk lore which American children should be given an opportunity to enjoy.

Three Animal Books

GAY-NECK. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. E. P. Dutton, 1927.

A winner of the Newbery prize.

SMOKY. By Will James. New edition. Illustrated by the author in color and black and white. Charles Scribner, 1929.

One of the best animal stories in years.

BOGA THE ELEPHANT. By Baroness Dombrowski. Illustrated by the author. Macmillan, 1928.

The book has humor and visual charm.

How to Have a Good Time

THE BOYS' BOOK OF CAMP LIFE. By Elon Jessup. Illustrated by Charles E. Cartwright. Dutton, 1928.

One of the best books on camping.

KATE GREENAWAY'S BOOK OF GAMES. With twenty-four colour plates. Frederick Warne.

Kate Greenaway is, of course, above praise.

History and Civics in Palatable Form

THE STORY OF YOUTH. By Lothrop Stoddard. Illustrated by William Siegel. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, 1928.

Not the battles and monarchs, but the everyday things of history—table-manners in the days of Charlemagne, children's processions at the Feast of Saints Clement and Katherine, school in ancient Rome, and many other interesting things.

THE SWORDS OF THE VIKINGS. Stories from the works of Saxo Grammaticus. By Julia Davis Adams. Illustrated by Suzanne Lassen. Dutton, 1928.

Stories of Scandinavian heroes, partly legendary, partly true, in a beautiful book.

THE TEN DREAMS OF ZACH PETERS, and How they Led Him Through the Constitution of the United States. By Hermann Hagedorn. Illustrated by Frank Godwin. John C. Winston, 1929.

The Constitution made exciting.

Other Children

NOAH'S GRANDCHILDREN. By Julier C. Chevalier. Illustrated by W. C. Trout. Doubleday, Doran, 1929.

Tells of the kindly and freedom-loving Georgians.

GHOND, THE HUNTER. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. Dutton, 1928.

Included in the Exhibition of American Book Illustration by the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

DERIC WITH THE INDIANS. By Deric Nusbaum. G. P. Putnam's, 1927.

This, and "Deric in Mesa Verde," are among the best of the boys' book by boys.

THE DRAGON FLY OF ZUNI. By Alida Sims Malkus. Illustrated by Erick Berry. Harcourt Brace, 1928.

An excellent story for girls. The author seems to know and love the country of which she writes.

CHILDREN OF THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE. By Elizabeth Cleveland Miller. Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. Doubleday, 1927.

A story of two Albanian children.

Two American Heroes

ARE LINCOLN GROWS UP. By Carl Sandburg. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Harcourt Brace, 1926, 1928.

It would be hard to over-praise this book, for it is beautiful in content, and in physical make-up.

DANIEL BOONE, WILDERNESS SCOUT. By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Doubleday, 1926.

Almost every American boy should like this.

A Variety of Poetry

COME CHRISTMAS. By Eleanor Farjeon. Decorated by Rachel Field. Stokes, 1928.

Christmas poems in a book gay with Christmas devices.

JOHNNY APPLESEED. By Vachel Lindsay. Illustrated by George Richards. Macmillan, 1928.

A selection of favorite poems of this author.

THE PIG TALE OF AH LEE BEN LOO. By John Bennett. With Seventeen Other Laughable Tales and 200 Comical Silhouettes. Longmans, Green, 1928.

The sub-title describes the book modestly, for both the tales and pictures are thoroughly funny.

SUGAR AND SPICE AND ALL THAT'S NICE. By Mary Wilder Tilleston. Illustrated by Marguerite Davis. Little Brown, 1928.

An excellent collection of nursery rhymes.

SILVER PENNIES. By Blanche Jennings Thompson. Illustrated by Winifred Brownhall. Macmillan, 1925.

A favorite anthology of verse for children.

THREE COMEDIES BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Decorated by James Daugherty. (The Merchant of Venice, The Tempest, As You Like It). Harcourt, Brace, 1929.

If school children could get their Shakespeare from such a book as this, it would become a pleasure instead of a "subject."

A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS. By Clement C. Moore. Pictures by Constance Whittemore. Macmillan, 1925.

A charming small edition, particularly good for a gift.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. By Clement C. Moore. With decorations in color by Elizabeth MacKinstry. Chelsea edition. Dutton, 1928.

Another edition of "A Visit from St. Nicholas." This is included by the American Institute of Graphic Arts in their exhibition of American book illustration.

Adventure

THE BLACK BUCANEER. By Stephen W. Meader. Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. New edition. Harcourt, Brace.

Abounds in cutlasses and silver-mounted small arms.

MUTINY ISLAND. By C. M. Bennett. Dutton, 1928.

Pirates and buried treasure.

PRESTER JOHN. By John Buchan. Illustrated by Henry Pitz. Doran.

The thrilling adventures of a Scotch boy in South Africa.

TOD OF THE FENS. By Elinor Whitney. Macmillan, 1928.

The Merchant Adventurers, Madcap Prince Hal, and the North Sea pirates make this book exciting. The events are fictitious, but details of customs and manners in mediaeval England are accurate.

WOLNOTH THE WANDERER: A Story of King Alfred of England. By H. Escott-Inman. New edition illustrated by James Daugherty. Longman's, Green, 1928.

Good edition of a good story.

Books for Little Children

THE HAPPY HOUR BOOKS, a series which includes well known nursery tales. Macmillan, 1927.

Each little book is well illustrated, and is a size that small children can handle.

KING PENGUIN. By Richard Henry Horne. Rediscovered and introduced by Frances Margaret Fox. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Macmillan, 1925.

Children would like to hear this story read aloud.

OLLE'S SKI TRIP. By Elsa Beskow. Translated from the Swedish by Siri Andrews. Illustrated by the author. Harper, 1928.

A beautiful book.

THE PONY TREE. By Charlotte Brate. Stokes, 1928.

This book is admirable. The stories themselves are excellent, and the book is printed in large type, with a few sentences only on a page, thus enabling a young child, with short attention-span, to read the book happily for himself.

THE RED HORSE. By Elsa Moeschlin. Coward, McCann.

A toy story, and a good one. Interesting illustrations.

Among the Publishers

The titles starred have been examined, and found especially commendable. Listing of unstarred books does not preclude later favorable review.

- Ashley, Mabel Pierce. *THE OTHER CROWD*. Harcourt, Brace, 1929
- Coleman, Satis N., and Thorn, Alice G. *SINGING TIME: Songs for Nursery and School*. Decorations by Ruth Hambridge. John Day, 1929*
- Cordts, Anna Dorothea. *THE NEW PATH TO READING*. Books one and two. Illustrated by Maurice Day. Ginn, 1929
- Cowper, E. E. *HIT THE TRAIL: A Wild West Story*. Illustrated by A. S. Forrest. Nelson, 1929
- Crow, Helen Coale. *ALANNA*. Illustrated by Joan Esley. Harper, 1929*
- Eaton, Jeanette. *A DAUGHTER OF THE SEINE*. The Life of Madame Roland. Harper, 1929*
- Fitler, Mary Biddle. *REDDY*. Illustrated by Zack Hogg. Harper, 1929
- Flack, Marjorie. *ALL AROUND THE TOWN*. The Story of a Boy in New York. Doubleday, Doran, 1929
- Garrott, Hal. *FIRST-AIDE-TO-SANTA-CLAUS*. Illustrated by Mary Ponton Gardner. McBride, 1929
- Grimm. *THE GOOSE GIRL and Other Tales*. Illustrated by Einar Nerman. Macmillan, 1929
- Hambridge, Ruth. *A MAP OF CHILDREN EVERYWHERE*. John Day, 1929
- Herbertson, Agnes Grozier. *THE SPINDLE TREE*. Illustrated by Stanley Cock. Nelson, 1929
- Higgins, Violet Moore. *THE REAL STORY OF A REAL DOLL*. Illustrated by the author. McBride, 1929
- Hooker, Forrestine C. *THE GARDEN OF THE LOST KEY*. Illustrated by Elmer Hader. Doubleday, Doran, 1929
- Kellock, Harold. *DOWN IN THE GRASS*. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Coward-McCann, 1929
- Lenski, Lois. *THE WONDER CITY: A Picture Book of New York*. Coward-McCann, 1929*
- Malkus, Alida Sims. *TIMBER LINE*. Illustrated by Ruth King. Harcourt, Brace, 1929
- Mitchison, Naomi. *NIX-NAUGHT-NOTHING*. Four Plays for Children. Illustrated by Winifred Bromhall. Harcourt Brace, 1929
- Moe, Louis. *THE VAIN PUSSY CAT and Other Picture Tales for Children*. Coward-McCann, 1929
- Neal, Elma A. and Storm, Ollie Perry. *THE OPEN DOOR SECOND READER*. Illustrated by Eleanor Osborn Eadie. Macmillan, 1929
- Potter, Beatrix. *THE FAIRY CARAVAN*. David McKay, 1929
- Richardson, Henry Handel. *ULTIMA THULE*. Norton, 1929 (Adult)
- Sedlacek, Hanus. *NURSERY RHYMES FROM BOHEMIA*. Translated by Raf. D. Szalatnay. Verses by Anna V. Winlow. Illustrated by Rudolf Mates. McBride, 1929*
- Sheridan, Sol N. *THE LITTLE SPOTTED SEAL*. Illustrated by Mahlon Blaine. Harper, 1929
- Smith, E. Boyd. *LIONS 'N' ELEPHANTS 'N' EVERYTHING*. Illustrated by the author. G. P. Putnam's, 1929
- Stewart, Anna Bird. *THE GENTLEST GIANT and Other Pleasant Persons*. Poems from the Enchanting Realm of When We Were Little. Illustrated by Dugald Walker. McBride, 1929
- Stewart, Anna Bird. *LITTLE BROTHER GOOSE*. Illustrated by Dorathea Fouse. McBride, 1928
- Swift, Hildegard Hoyt. *LITTLE BLACKNOSE: The Story of a Pioneer*. Illustrated by Lynd Ward. Harcourt Brace, 1929
- Tietjens, Eunice. *BOY OF THE DESERT*. Illustrated by Will Hollingsworth. Coward-McCann, 1928
- Tyrrell, Mabel L. *CHESTNUT COURT*. Illustrated by Marie A. Lawson. Harper, 1929
- Walker, Dugald Stewart. *SALLY'S A B C*. Sewed in a Sampler in 1795 by Sally Jane Tate. Harcourt Brace, 1929
- Wells, Rhea. *COCO THE GOAT*. Illustrated by the author. Doubleday, Doran, 1929*
- Whiteman, Edna. *JANE AND JERRY*. Illustrated by E. G. Sommer. Nelson, 1929
- Wiese, Kurt. *KAROO, THE KANGAROO*. Illustrated by the author. Coward-McCann, 1929*
- Williams, Herschel. *CHILDREN OF THE CLOUDS*. A Phantasy and Play for Boys and Girls of all Ages. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Nelson, 1929

Reviews and Abstracts

RUSTY PETE. By Nina Nicol.

Illustrated by Doris Fogler. Macmillan, 1929.

"Rusty Pete" by Nina Nicol, illustrated by Doris Fogler, is unique in a number of ways. Just the feel of the cover, not to mention its hue and its bold silhouettes, makes it altogether enticing to youngsters.

It really appeals to all ages, although its vocabulary is especially suited to young folks of the fourth and fifth grade level. But it is the atmosphere of life on a great western ranch that is to be enjoyed by everyone. For the life there is well depicted, the characters are genuine in their associations with each other, and the individuality of Rusty Pete, the white cow pony with a sandy mane, makes him a "regular" cow pony for us.

The orange background for the many silhouettes of Rusty Pete, his chum Chester, the coyote, Three-legs, and his pal, that hunted food for him because he was crippled, not to mention the Rodeo story told in silhouettes, is combined with excellent bold print on blended paper, and a very attractive and interesting child's book is the result.

But does the silhouette give any picture of Rusty Pete as he really is? Can a white cow pony with a sandy mane, be properly portrayed any way but as a sorry unkempt "white" pony, which he surely must be?

Nan M. Shaw.

OTHER ARABIAN NIGHTS. By H. I. Katibah.

Illustrated by W. M. Berger. New York.

Charles Scribner's Sons, 1928.

"Come to dinner, Jack." "In just a minute, mother. I must find out whether Abu-l-Nawwas found his dagger and his head, and whether the Caliph killed him at the end of his story."

And so the dinner waited while Jack, curled up in the window seat followed eagerly the "Tale that was All Lies" to its happy ending.

"You seem to enjoy your new book," Jack's father remarked, as Jack, flushed with excitement, joined us at the table.

"Oh, it is jolly!" replied Jack. "I can scarcely realize that I am not reading from my old Arabian Nights. The stories are alike in so many ways—so hair-raising and breath-taking, you know."

"And do you like the characters in the stories? What are they like?"

"Oh, they are wonderful! All kinds of interesting people—thieves, sultans, soldiers, black guards, princesses, peasants, slave girls, peddlers, and camel-drivers. I'd just love to know them all; wouldn't you, father?"

"Well, son, I think they are more interesting in the book than they would be in the streets of Detroit. Do the illustrations make the stories more real to you?"

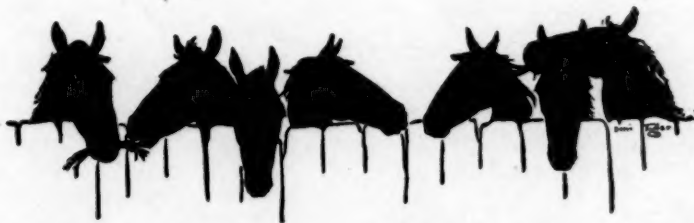
"They are splendid—especially the one of the bird carrying Hasan away after his fight with the dragon. Everything is just as natural! Oh, father, I'd love to fight a dragon, wouldn't you?"

"Well, son, dragons of all kinds are waiting for you, and I hope you will be as successful in slaying them all as was Hasan. I believe I'll have to read your new book, too. I should like to meet some of my boyhood friends again. I will remember them all."

"I'll tell you—let's read a story every evening before the fireplace and pretend we're in Damascus listening to an old story teller, as Mr. Katibah said he did when he learned these tales."

And, of course, the father promised.

Dora H. Pitts.



Courtesy of Macmillan

From RUSTY PETE. By Nina Nicol. Illustrated by Doris Fogler.

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(Juvenile Editor—Helen Dean Fish)

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THE RUNAWAY SARDINE

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A Brittany picture book which has taken the book world by storm. It tells the story of Zacherie, an adventurous sardine, who longs for freedom. \$2.00

Miss Marion Fiery, Juvenile Editor

ALFRED A. KNOFF, 730 Fifth Ave., New York

THE GOLDSMITH OF FLORENCE

A Book of Great Craftsmen. By Katharine Gibson of the Cleveland Museum of Art. Over one hundred illustrations from unusual photographs. \$5.00.

READING LISTS: The 1929 Catalog of Macmillan Books for Boys and Girls. Supplied free on request to any teacher or librarian. Prepared by Louise H. Seaman, Manager of The Children's Book Department, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ALL ABOUT PETS

By Margery Bianco. Full of information, instruction and amusing tales of pets in Mrs. Bianco's home. Many engaging photographs. \$2.00.

HITTY: HER FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

By Rachel Field and Dorothy Lathrop. The story of a real American doll, told in stirring prose and pictures by two outstanding American book makers. \$2.50.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Beginning with January, 1930, the magazine will be issued eight times a year, instead of quarterly, except the summer months. The subscription price will remain the same. Single copies will be \$0.50. *All subscriptions received before December 1 will include the December issue free.*

Write Department N

Progressive Education Association
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C. C. CERTAIN, Editor,
The Elementary English Review,
6505 Grand River Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sir:—Please send THE ELEMENTARY ENGLISH REVIEW to the following address. I am enclosing my check for

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Old Christmas

HEAP on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

.

On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
That only night of all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.

Then open'd wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.

.

THE FIRE, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace.

.

Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery.

.

ENGLAND was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

(From Marmion—Sir Walter Scott)